# The Saturday Gazette.

## BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor. CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor. OFFICE, Bloomfield, N. J.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS. $2.00 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE

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THE

SATURDAY GAZETTE,

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

BELLEVILLE, CALDWELL AND VERONA.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, AND ESPECIALLY OF LOCAL INTERESTS.

All PUBLIC and LOCAL questions, including political and social, sanitary and reformatory, educational and industrial topics, will be clearly presented and fully and fairly discussed.

It is intended and expected to make it not only acceptable and interesting to the general reader, but of special value to citizens of Essex county and of real importance to every resident of Bloomfield, Montclair Caldwell, Belleville and Verona.

Nothing will be admitted to its columns that is unworthy of cordial welcome to every family circle.

Settled *Clergymen in the county and all Public School Teachers* in the county will receive the paper gratuitously by sending their address to our office. *No postage to subscribers within the County of Essex.*

To ADVERTISERS it should prove a valuable medium. Our circulation extends to every part of Essex county, and considerably elsewhere.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and ADVERTISEMENTS will be received and forwarded by the Postmaster, who will be allowed to retain 50 cents as commissions on *new* subscribers also at our office in Bloomfield, or may be addressed by mail, to

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BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

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At a meeting of the Board of Managers held this day, a dividend at the rate of
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## A POEM.

BY DR. J. C. HOLLAND.

Read at the Reunion of the Army of the James, New York, Oct. 21, 1874.

Who in this fair metropolis,
Where life sweeps on in mighty tides,
Or into pleasant homes subsides,
Or eddies through a hall like this,
Can feel the pulses of his heart
Throb with the joy of being one
Still breathing underneath the sun,
And of the waves a vital part.
Nor turn with tender thought to those
Who, weary of the rough highway,
Or smitten in the deadly fray,
Lay down to sleep, and never rose!
Surely not we who gather here,
From toil's and pleasure's round and range,
To breathe, in social interchange,
The garnered memories of a year!
We praise their deeds, we bless their name
Who bravely fought and nobly fell;
And love and pride remember well
The vanished Army of the James.
They sleep, but only for a night!
The earth was groaning when they died,
The trumpet sounding far and wide,
And all the spheres were dim with blight.
So, when the swift Archangel's call—
The quaking earth—the scaling stars—
Shall wake them, healed of all their scars
To smoke that nangs its ghostly pall
O'er all things, it will only seem
That they have slept among their steeds,
And rise to War's familiar deeds
From rest so deep it could not dream!
They sleep in peace! The summer bells
That gather perfume from their dust,
The Winter's snow, the Autumn's rust,
And all love's lavished immortelles,
Are things as far beyond their heed
As all our strifes of hand and head,
As all our griefs above the dead,
And all the travail of our need.
They sleep in peace! Whatever strife
May chafe the land for which they fought,
Each for himself found what he sought—
Peace, at the purchase of his life;—
Payment for blood in happy rest;
Guerdon in gratitude for pain;
For life's great loss, the priceless gain
Of name and deed forever blest!
No tears for them! The heart is cold
That does not thrill with joy to think
That they who bravely leaped the brink
Of Battle's fiery chasm, and sold
Their lives for liberty's increase,
Found in the awful holocaust
That which the living land had lost,—
The boon of rest—the balm of peace!
No tears for them who bore the proof
Of heroes, in their foemen's seal
Of blazing shaft, and blunted steel,
And ramping charger's heedless hoof!
Free from the duty of a breath,
From sense of woe and sense of wrong,
They sleep, as wheels the world along,
In the sweet dignity of death!
No tears for them? Tears, then, for whom?
Tears for ourselves, whose little lives—
Bound to our children and our wives—
Or fastened to some precious tomb
Where sleeps an idol;—baser still,
Tied to our lucre and our lust,
Betray each hour the sacred trust
Left us by heroes to fulfill!
Tears for the thieves who rob the dead,
In robbing those their death bereft,
And waste the gold that love has left
By gambling with the nation's bread!
Tears for the demagogues who trade
In feuds of party and of race,
And seek for plunder and for place
In strifes their own vile hands have made!
Tears for the Rings of perjured souls
That grind the rich and poor alike,
And steal the prist for which they strike,
For those they serve, the stingy tolls!
Tears for the realm that blindly shelves
Its men of noblest brain and brawn,
And crowds its councils with the spawn
Of little men who choose themselves!
Tears for the men who basely hold
The nation to its paper lies,
Against the wisdom of the wise,
And shame the eagles of their gold!
Tears for the land that builds of rags
Its edifice of power and wealth,
And holds the happiness and health
Of sovereign States in carpet-bags!
Ay, tears for those who, shred and shorn—
Not blameless, but our brothers still
In common lot and God's good-will—
Are bleeding, fainting, tossed and torn
By jarring policies and feuds
Of race with race, till lain to fly
From their ancestral homes, or die
In silent, hopeless multitudes!
Tears for the bootless sacrifice
Wrought by the ball and bayonet!
Tears, that the best of us forget
That we are purchased with a price!—
That they who perished at our side
Are void of victory, till we
A just and generous rule decree,
And live as nobly as they died!
O brothers of the gun and glave!
O living Army of the James!
How shall we answer to the claims
Of the beloved and buried brave?
By pledging now our good right hand,
By pledging now our loyal word
That, selfish lust to love deferred,
And gain to God and native land,
We here declare eternal strife,
Ay—battle to the hilt—with those
Who traffic in the nation's woes,
And live upon the nation's life.
O Peace—in shame and banishment!
O Industry—with folded arms!
O Land of Beauty from whose charms
Have fled the graces of content,—
There is no cure for feud and schism
In law that is not born of love,
Or party strifes that rise above
The holy claims of patriotism.
O stately shades of martyred men!
Who mark our petty ends and aims,
Warm us with your diviner flames,
And save your Country once again!

In a Chicago library a book on "self-culture" never got a reader. The librarian had it rebound, and rechristened it. "A young man on his Muscle," and anxious readers had to wait for weeks before they could get it.

## OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, Oct 29, 1874.

### THE LIBRARIES OF NEW YORK.

It is often said, and with a great deal of truth, that if a literary man or student wishes to post himself on any particular subject, he must be rich enough to buy the necessary books. As literary men are not apt to be very rich, their opportunities for study in this city are exceedingly limited. There is no library in New York that is at all complete. The Astor Library is undoubtedly the best, but even that falls far short of what should be. The Astor family and their friends think that New Yorkers are very ungrateful, not to be satisfied with what has been given them. We owe as much to Washington Irving as to anyone else for what there is. He hammered away at the original Astor, John Jacob, until he got $400,000 out of him, for the purpose of founding a free library. A handsome fire proof building was erected on Lafayette place, and the money left over, after the architect and contractors were paid, was given to old D. Coggswell, for the purpose of purchasing books. Dr. Coggswell, as thorough-going an old book worm as ever lived, had excellent ideas as to what a library should be, and set out upon a grand scale. Instead of buying books at random, he proposed having a number of departments and making each one complete. But before he had much more than half finished, the money gave out. There was nothing more done during the life of John Jacob Astor, but after he had been dead some time, his son, William B., was induced to give $400,000 more. Every cent of this should have been spent in purchasing books, instead of which a large part of it was used for erecting an addition to the library building. With the remainder Dr. Cogswell went to Europe and did the best he could with his means. It may be said that the Astor Library is good as far as it goes, and that, being the gift of a private citizen, should not be growled at. This is very true, but the whole conduct of the library is enough to exasperate any one. In the first place the hours of opening and closing are such that the man of business can seldom if ever enjoy its privileges. In winter it is open from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M., and in Summer, from 9½ A. M. to 5½ P. M. Americans are very rarely men of leisure, and there are few who are not engaged with their business at those hours. Any number of young men in this city are enough of students to avail themselves of the advantages of the library, but find it impossible.

The reason for these limited hours, I am told, is that the library has not enough money to pay for gas; want of money also prevents the building from being properly heated. As a further illustration of the small way in which the library is managed: during the war, when everything was high, and poor people had to practice economy, the trustees were compelled to forbid the purchase of periodicals. In consequence of this the files are incomplete, and it is impossible now to repair the loss. The attendants at the library are altogether insufficient in number and exceedingly inefficient. It is said that the reason for the attendants being so few is the old one, want of money. The clerks who are there are only half paid, which probably accounts for their ungracious behavior to strangers. I know of a gentleman, one of the best known literary men in New York, who is at present preparing a work that confines him a great deal to the library. Instead of being assisted or left to do as he pleases, he is so fettered and cramped by red tape, that his hands are almost tied. For every turn he makes or alcove he wishes to visit he has to sign his name and go through a rigmarole, that is enough to disgust him with its work. The most notorious thief could not be treated with less consideration. One cannot but contrast such treatment to that met with in the libraries of Europe. In the British Museum, for instance, the facilities offered to a student border on the luxurious. Everything is done for his encouragement, and the attendants are not only respectful, but they are often really intelligent. To come nearer home, the Boston Free Library offers every inducement for studying or reading. A student may take all the books he wants, and if he needs any that are not in the library, all he has to do is to make known his want and the book is procured, if money can buy it. The trustees of the Astor Library say that the privileges of that library have been fearfully abused, and that they were compelled to make very strict rules and to live up to them.

I have been told that the Astor family, having heard of the fault found with their gift, are outraged at such ingratitude, and will not give another penny towards its support.

### THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

The Mercantile Library in Astor Place ranks next in size to the Astor. It is not, however, a free library. The Mercantile, as its name implies, is designed for clerks and mercantile people, but is not confined to that class of the community. There are very few books of great value in the Mercantile. Scientific works are not in great demand among its patrons, and are therefore rarely found upon its shelves. Students very seldom go there for the purpose of research, for they know that the bulk of the books are of current literature. I am informed that the taste of the patrons of the Mercantile is sadly deteriorating, and that the demand for novels increases every year.

The reading room of this library is, I believe, the best in the city. The room itself is large and well ventilated, and is cool in summer and warm in winter. Almost all of the principal papers and magazines of this country and Europe are to be found upon its tables, and there is not a pleasanter place in New York for spending a few hours.

### THE SOCIETY LIBRARY.

The Society Library, on University Place is one of the oldest in the city. It was founded by a number of the old families of New York, and is still owned by its founders, or their descendants. The library is patronized principally by ladies, and is particularly rich in light literature. The annual dues there are $10, while at the Mercantile they are $5, and even less, for clerks.

By the way, there is a gentleman at the Society Library, who makes the study of pedigree his life's diversion. He has founded a Genealogical Society, of which nearly all the best known men of New York are honorary members. If you want to know the crest or coat of arms of your family, all you have to do is to call upon this gentleman, and he will furnish the proof of your gentle blood.

### THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Historical Society, whose comfortable building is situated on the corner of Second avenue and Eleventh street, has an excellent collection of books. This library has made a specialty of books relating to American History, and in this particular it is the finest in the country. Mr. George Moore, who has been the librarian for upwards of a third of a century, is better posted in the history of our country than any one knows. You cannot mention an old book or paper, relating to the subject, but that he can tell you all about it. This library is increasing every year, and is already very much cramped for room. If the Society had a building twice as large, they could soon fill it. Their collection of paintings and relics is unusually fine. The members of the Historical Society are mostly old New Yorkers. You will find among its list of members, such names as Van Rensellaer Roosevelt, De Peyster, Livingston, and others, well-known as belonging to the old Knickerbockers. At the meetings of the Society, you will see such a collection of fine looking old gentlemen, and young ones too, as you had not dreamed of as being in New York. An assemblage of kings could not look more royal. The Historical Society has done a great deal towards tracing out the early history of our country, and the documents preserved upon its shelves are invaluable.

### THE Y. M. C. A. LIBRARY.

The Library of the Young Men's Christian Association is among the best in the city, and if rumor can be relied upon, it is to be made much better. The reading room connected with this library is a great attraction to young men, and has, doubtless, been the salvation of many.

### THE COOPER UNION.

The library of the Cooper Union is just what it aims to be—a collection of books for the benefit of clerks and mechanics. It is conducted in the most liberal manner, and is opened from early in the morning until late at night. Mr. Cooper's gift is untrammeled by reservations or restrictions—the library and reading room are both free, and are always filled with people. The privileges of the Union library are not abused, and there is no institution in this city that is so thoroughly appreciated, and for which the people are more truly grateful. Mr. Cooper's liberality has even gone to the extent of keeping the reading room open on Sundays, and it is always filled on that day by hundreds of people, to whom it is the one recreation of their lives.

### THE LENNOX LIBRARY.

The Lennox Library, which will soon be ready for occupation, is one of the handsomest buildings in this country. Mr. Lennox has a very rare, and consequently very valuable collection of books, which he prizes with all the intensity of a bibliomaniac. Not only is he going to present the city with his books, but he will also give it his gallery of paintings, containing Murillo, a Sir Joshua Reynolds, a Turner, and the works of many other famous artists. The entire gift of Mr. Lennox amounts to over one million dollars.

There are a number of smaller libraries in this city that I have not mentioned, and some of them are exceedingly valuable. We have not yet, however, a library as extended as we need, and I fear that it will be many a long day before we have anything approaching the British Museum. It is well to bear in mind that the great libraries of Europe are under government patronage, besides being the growth of centuries. It is, however, a great shame to New York, that with all her wealth and public spirit she has no library equal to that of Boston.

## THE LICENSE SYSTEM A FAILURE

### HON. HENRY D. SMITH'S ADDRESS AT FENWICK, CONN.

At the State Temperance gathering at Fenwick Grove, on the 18th of August, Hon. Henry D. Smith spoke in vindication of the policy of legal prohibition, and in opposition to the system of license. He distinctly stated that he spoke as a business man to business men. The following is a full abstract of his remarks. He said:

The statistics in these statements are taken from the official report of crime in Connecticut, and can be verified by the record in the office of the Secretary of State in Hartford. The record of crime has been collected and reported to the General Assembly annually since 1866. Our Secretary of State, Hon. Marvin F. Sanger, in his annual report of jails, for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1874, says:

"The whole number of persons committed to jail during the year is four thousand four hundred and eighty-one (4,481) being one thousand four hundred and ninety-six (1,496) more than in the preceding year."

The result proved by the official report, is that *there has been a greater increase of crime the last year than in the entire seven preceding years.* The report shows that (2,093) of the commitments of 1874 were for the crime of drunkenness. This is nearly half of all the commitments for the year. It shows, also, that eleven-twelfths of the criminals were drinking men, and only one man in twelve of the whole number was strictly temperate. The two counties most clamorous for license in 1872 show the greatest increase of the crime of drunkenness in 1874. The statistics of the commonwealth show an increase last year of 1,496 criminals over those of the previous year; that is, *crime has increased in the State fifty per cent in the fiscal year ending March 31, 1874.* The same rate of increase for six years would give the commitments for the single year 1884—two hundred and fifty-eight thousand (258,000).

We see by these figures which way we are drifting. God forbid that those who live six years from now shall experience the public curse that five thousand criminal drunkards will inflict on Hartford county—the public curse that thirteen thousand criminal drunkards will inflict on New Haven county; or the supreme calamity that fifty thousand criminals may inflict on this dear old commonwealth in a single year. But the finger of the public record has all the last year been pointing steadily in this direction. The public record of the State says, in unmistakable language: "The increase of crime this last year is greater than the entire increase of crime for the seven preceding years!"

This is what Connecticut says of itself, by its public officers, after two years license of the liquor traffic.

Twenty years ago, June 21, 1864, the prohibitory law went into execution in this state. After one year's trial, Governor Dutton, in his annual message to the General Assembly, said:

"*There is scarcely an open grog shop in the State. The jails are fast becoming tenantless, and a delightful air of security is everywhere enjoyed.*"

Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., of New Haven, said after prohibition had been tried a year:

"The operation of the prohibitory law for one year is a matter of observation to all the inhabitants. Its effect in promoting peace, order, quiet and general prosperity, no man can deny. *Never for twenty years has our city been so quiet as under its action.* It is no longer simply a question of temperance but a governmental question—one of legislative foresight and morality."

Gov. Minor, in his message to the legislature, after two years' trial of the prohibitory law, says:

"From my own knowledge and from information brought to me from all parts of the State, I have every reason to believe that the law has been enforced, and the daily traffic in intoxicating liquors has been broken up and abandoned."

I make no argument from these official statements. The facts themselves show that license of the liquor traffic is a public curse in this State. Drunkenness and crime travel the same road, and always with equal step. Drunkenness has increased in two years sixty-eight per cent., and crime seventy per cent. in the same time. Drunkenness and crime are Siamese twins. Kill drunkenness in the night, and crime dies in the morning. Prohibition was a great public blessing during the two years it was enforced. So says the best evidence our State can produce.

Every New England State, except Connecticut, has a prohibitory law upon its statute books, and the day is not distant when we shall honor ourselves and glorify the State by adopting the same humane and Christian law.

### AMERICAN TEA.

Georgia is going to try her hand once more at tea growing. Those who have investigated the subject assure us that the obstacles to the culture of tea successfully as an article of commerce in the Southern States is the want of experience, but chiefly of cheap labor. The tea tree of China has been grown by several persons in Georgia, from the Piedmont region to the sea coast. The shrub is a hardy and vigorous evergreen, and thrives as well with us as it does in China or Japan. It grows from three to five feet high—a neat, compact, laurel leaved shrub, with pretty white flowers in spring, and is quite ornamental. It is perfectly hardy, and will stand any exposure to that climate, as has been tested in Athens, and many other localities in Georgia. We are told it would be an easy matter for any family that has a home and a few feet of ground to produce their own tea and a little to sell. Its general introduction for home use would most likely lead to its production for market. There would be many things for the people to learn before they are able to manufacture the article as we get it from China; but it is said, a very good tea, and free from adulteration, can be made by simply picking and drying the leaves in the same manner that sage leaves are cured. One of these days, when cheap labor will no longer be an inspiration, but a fact, our countrymen may get all the tea they want without going to China or Japan for it.

### PROF. AGASSIZ HAPPY.

Little things—little to outside barbarians—can make scientists as happy as a child with his first rattle. Last summer one of Agassiz's students found an egg in the body of a skate,* which he was dissecting. When the professor saw it he exclaimed, "No human eye, so far as is recorded, has ever seen what we now see—an egg in the body of a skate. I have been looking for this very thing these thirty years." His hand so trembled with excitement that he could hardly use it, as he further clipped away the fleshy covering. Suddenly he cried, "Ah—h—h—truly there are two of them! How beautiful! The sight of these two eggs alone would pay me for my whole summer's work." And when the eggs were about to be placed in alcohol he exclaimed again, "Before it is moved I must take a good look at it, lest something happen to it. Ah! it is a splendid sight! it is the most beautiful specimen I ever saw. Now, Dr. Wilder, raise it out of the water, stop! give me a look at it in the air before it goes into the alcohol. Yes, there is the blastoderm perfect. Now carefully lower it into the alcohol;" then a long, fond, happy look before the utterance, evidently with intense feeling, and apparently with perfect sincerity, of the following words: "I would not take $2,000 for that rare specimen. No human eye but ours has ever seen it. I would not exchange it for the Madonna of Raphael. Come, Mr. Hawkins, draw this beautiful thing once more."

* A species of fish.

## Items of Interest.

Queen Charlotte, wife of the king of the Friendly Islands, is a Methodist class-leader. The king is a licensed local preacher.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says that the man who did more than any other to bring success to the Democratic standard in Ohio was Samuel F. Cary, "the greatest orator of the West."

The owner of a dog who bit a person's ear in New York has been adjudged by the Marine Court in $500 damages.

The City of New York has the only school in the United States for the practical teaching of veterinary science.

The Prussian Government has given an order for no less than a hundred million rounds of metallic rifle-cartridges to the Westley Richards Company.

The Government of Bucharest has ordered that all the public schools are to receive a military organization, and be inspected by the military authorities. The use of arms is to be taught to pupils from the first.

A new street lamp, constructed on the Caloptric principle, has been successfully tested in London and Cheshire, in England. It is officially pronounced to produce fifty per cent. more light than the common lamp

Advices from Melbourne state that the annexation of the Fiji Islands to the British Empire has been formally carried out. Sir Hercules George Robert Robinson, Governor of New South Wales, hoisted the British flag on Fiji soil.

It is stated that the last photograph of the Princess of Wales is so great a favorite that 300,000 copies of it have been sold.

The novels of the Rev. E. P. Roe are very popular. In less than two years according to the publishers, more than thirty two thousand copies of his works have been sold.

Chelsea, Winthrop, and Boston are to decide at the coming election whether the last named city shall swallow up the other two.

A. H. Stephens has declared that he is not opposed to a third term for Grant. This is an unexpected view from a Southern source.

A Rio Janerio dispatch says it it is probable that the Emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro, will visit the United Stattes next year.

The hands employed in the several machine shops, sewing-machine factories, &c., in Toronto, Ont., are being discharged in consequence of the dullness of trade.

The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia has sent a valuable present of books to the Mechanics' Association at Lowell, Mass., in memory of his visit to that city.

The number of women in attendance at the University this year is 94, as follows: In the Law Department, 5; in the Medical Department, 38; in the Literary Department, 51.

Grandma Victoria has now her twenty-fifth grandchild, born of the Duchess of Edinburgh, and the eldest of the two dozen is but sixteen.

A remarkable journey on foot, undertaken recently by an Italian of the name of Ricci, who has walked from Constantinople across Asia Minor, and along the coasts of Syria and Palestine to Alexandria, the whole journey occupying 158 days.

A French veterinary surgeon has computed that there are 16,149,800 horses in Europe. Of this number he reckons that France has 3,663,600; Austria, 3,100,000; England, 2,866,200; Germany, 2,500,000; Prussia, 1,800,000; Turkey, 1,100,000, and the rest are divided among Spain, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland. No account is given of the other European nations.

A cat show has just been held at the Crystal Palace. There were 287 entries, the total number of cats being 350. They are described as exceedingly beautiful, and the show of kittens as "simply splendid." The heaviest cat exhibited weighed fifteen and three-fourth pounds.

The Register of Mortality in Massachusetts shows the relative number of deaths between male and female, as follows:

Up to 10 years, more boys die.

From 10 to 12 years, 211 girls to 100 boys.

From 15 to 20 years, 200 girls to 100 boys.

From 15 to 40 years of age, 194 women to 100 men.

On the 15th inst. the New York Central Railroad Company was paying a semi-annual dividend of 4 per cent on $89,000,000 of its stock (the bulk of which is held by the Vanderbilt family), the Western Union Telegraph Company a quarterly dividend of 2 per cent. on about $34,500,000, and the Panama Railroad Company a quarterly dividend of 3 per cent. on $7,000,000.

An exhibition of insects was opened in the Tuileries Garden in Paris the other day The insects are divided into two classes—those which are useful and those which are injurious. The bee and silkworm occupy prominent places in the exhibition. In an adjoining building are insectiverous birds.

It is a maxim among diplomats that at every diplomatic conference they should sit at a round table. This is really a vital matter; the destinies of Europe might depend on the shape of the table. The reason of this is that, if you have a square or an oblong table, something like the principle of the head of the table is introduced, and a certain measure of influence is thereby acquired.